

Aliens live in a Manhattan apartment posing as humans and must decide on humanity's fate. Comedic and serious story threads are woven around each other as the aliens face both alien and human obstacles.

Zygors Don't

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/2587.html?s=pdf>

Zygors Don't

Zygors Don't

I am a man. I think what a man thinks and reason as a man would reason. I feel what a man feels and love as a man would love. I look like a man looks and act as a man would act. I bleed like a man bleeds and agonize as a man would agonize. Am I not a man?

Paul Blackwood

Donald Paul West

Copyright © 2006 Donald Paul West

ISBN-10: 0-9787402-1-1 (e-book)

ISBN-13: 978-0-9787402-1-4 (e-book)

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Math Scope, LLC
A Delaware Company
2006
ZygorsDont@gmail.com

Zygors Don't

Zygors Don't

Donald Paul West

This book is dedicated to Danny. Thanks Danny, for all the magic.

Peter

Peter the doorman. The doorman. Damn it. They called him that. He winced and shook his head to an invisible companion. A physicist. That's what he is. Was. Deep down, inside, like a hidden pearl covered by a withered shell.

Diffused rays came in through unwashed windows facing north out over 55th Street on the West Side of Manhattan. He looked down at the article on his desk again and squeezed his eyes to focus. How could the early universe be full of black holes when black holes sucked everything into their bowels? How could that be the beginning? Sounded more like the end. Maybe the beginning and the end were the same thing.

The boy's eyes that were once his had envisioned a dashing hero that would come to be. Time passed and some paths were taken and some paths lost. And though he had tried to find his way in the maze, he was on this last of all paths, this one that branches no more and goes nowhere.

He had gotten to America. Finally. But that wasn't the magic answer either. The valiant hero in the child's glimmering eyes had become an overweight, sixty year old man with thinning hair sitting in a lobby of a building in New York City, keeping tabs on the door. The worst of all things had happened, life had gotten boring. No hero was he. He focused on his article.

"You lazy Bastard!"

He pulled himself away from ponderings about science and invading thoughts of lost opportunity to stare up at the crooked, rotting, and yellowing teeth of old Mrs. Beech.

"You don't do a damn thing. Didn't you hear me yelling at you? You lazy turd."

"Mrs. Beech, I was reading and I got little absorbed and...."

"Well, you're a damn doorman. You're not supposed to be reading. You're supposed to be watching the damn door." She rammed her angry wooden cane into the floor with a thud.

What a bitch. Mrs. Bitch. That's what her name should be. Mrs. Bitch, not Mrs. Beech. The black rotting holes in her teeth reminded him of black holes in space. He wrinkled his nose at the thought.

"What the hell do you think you're staring at? Say something you bastard or I'll hit you with my stick. The damn aliens are up there and you're not doing a thing about them. Scared the daylights out of me, by golly."

The sudden shot to his chest jarred him. She had moved like a Jedi. Hadn't expected it, knocked the air out of him. "Okay Mrs. Beech. What is it?"

"Damn aliens." She swept her cane in the air as if to put special emphasis on aliens from up there. "That's what it is. Alien weirdoes. Making noise and disturbing the peace." As she swept her cane around, the other hand holding onto her walker, it looked as though she might topple over like a crooked tower, swaying in a strong wind. She always wore that little black cap, probably to hide a hairless dome, a few wisps of white hair sticking out.

There was a bright side to being a doorman. He liked the people in the building. He even liked old Mrs. Beech. He looked up at her and smiled. Hell. We were all just trying to make it. Even her. In her own, sick, misguided and disturbed way. Stumbling around with that walker, yelling at people, half out of her mind. Seeing things that weren't there. What the hell did she need that cane for anyway? She had a walker. Another shot to the chest reminded him what she needed the cane for. He had raised his hand too late to deflect the blow.

"You bastard! What're you smiling at? I'll rap you again. Aren't you going to do anything about the damn aliens?"

"What aliens?"

"What the hell do you mean what aliens?"

"Mrs. Beech, we are all aliens."

"Not that kind, you idiot." She raised her cane like she was ready to end the conversation and drive the cane through the useless doorman's body once and for all. "The ones on the seventh floor, apartment 7A. Damned aliens. Damned aliens."

Zygors Don't

Apartment 7A. A memory ebbed into Peter's consciousness as though from a dream. At first he wasn't certain if it was a dream or not. But then he recalled the large black man, built like a weightlifter, who came in two days before. Said he needed to go to apartment 7A. Needed to fix the phones. Didn't make much sense though, apartment 7A was vacant.

When Peter asked for identification the man produced it with those huge hands. He didn't remember actually seeing the identification but he remembered the hands, so big. Still didn't seem right. The apartment was empty. Had been empty for a few weeks. Peter couldn't remember much else, seemed like something was missing. Would have had to take the man up the elevator and let him into 7A. Couldn't remember doing that.

"Are you deaf or something?"

"No." Peter said but then went back to trying to remember.

The large man must have fixed the phones because Peter did remember waving goodbye to him as he left the building. One of the tenants had walked through the lobby with a poodle on a leash. The man knelt down to pet the dog, his dark hands against the poodle's white cloudlike fur. But beyond that there was only a haze in his mind, or a wall of some kind that Peter could not go past.

Mrs. Beech was shouting and swinging the cane and lost her balance. Peter jumped up to catch her by the arm. She looked like she could topple over at any second, the old crooked tower about to break and collapse.

"Let go of my arm", she shouted. "Rape. The bastard is raping me. Help."

Peter tried to keep the old woman from falling over. But, with cane and walker, she battled his advances.

Old Daisy managed to bring enough energy to focus to lift her heavy head to check out what was happening. The old golden retriever had been with Peter for over fourteen years. Had been with him as a young pup when he moved to the States from Russia and was with him when times turned from bad to worse and then worse again. Peter had named her Daisy because both the dog and the daisy reminded him of sunshine, morning and renewal. Now old Daisy

Donald Paul West

needed only Peter, and Peter was always there for her. She slept by his side all day, and Peter knew that one day soon she would not awaken.

“Mrs. Beech. I just tried to stop you from falling.”

“You tried to take advantage of an old woman is what you did. I’m going to report you to building management.”

“You wouldn’t report me to building management.” Peter said, sitting down and shaking his head.

“Hell I wouldn’t,” she said, “And don’t you sit down. We got to get them aliens. They don’t pay the rent. You’re the doorman. Do something,” she commanded with spittle spraying from between her rotted teeth and splashing into Peter’s face.

Peter stood up straight, fast, his eye on the cane, wiping the spittle from his face. Together, they stumbled over to the elevator while he tried to keep old Mrs. Beech steady in her walker and dodge her cane at the same time. Daisy put her head down and drew a long, deep, rattled sigh and went back to the peace of her doggie dreams.

Earth: Mrs. Finklestein's Secret

The ventilation in the smoky kitchen wasn't all that good and Mrs. Finklestein stood at the stove waving the smoke away from her face. She had a special recipe for apple strudel and she smiled to herself as she thought about it. She had burned the last batch of butter and was being more careful this time. She kept the heat on low and stirred the melted butter in the frying pan. She took the cored apples from the refrigerator and placed them on the countertop near the stove. Last night was apple coring time. Mr. Finklestein wouldn't help. The thought pushed to the front of her mind.

"Why don't you help?"

He said, "I don't help."

"Why?"

"I eat, I don't cook." Portly Mr. Finklestein sat in a nearby chair in a robe and socks with his feet propped up on a very stuffed hassock.

"You are good at eating." Mrs. Finklestein smiled while she sliced up the apples, "But you could at least help."

"I don't help. I just eat." He straightened the newspaper and cleared his throat.

Mrs. Finklestein combined the apples, raisins, cinnamon, sugar and the other ingredients into a big bowl. She pushed her glasses up her nose, stirred, and said, "You're too fat."

He put the paper in his lap. "I'm fat?"

"Yes."

"I'm not fat."

"Yes you are."

"I'm not fat."

"You are fat."

He shook his head, "It's your fault if I'm fat."

"Why my fault?"

"You make the strudel."

"You eat it."

"You make it."

Zygors Don't

"You eat it."

"I eat it because you make it."

"You don't have to eat it. Not so much. It makes you fat."

"Don't make it and I won't eat it," He turned the page.

"What? You have no willpower?"

"I have willpower," he said while fixing his glasses."

"You have no willpower."

"I have willpower."

"No willpower."

Mr. Finklestein sighed. "When will the strudel be done?"

"It'll be done when it'll be done."

"Do we have any from yesterday?"

"No. All gone. You had no willpower yesterday."

"I had willpower."

"If you had willpower, there would still be apple strudel from yesterday."

Mr. Finklestein sighed again and ruffled the paper as he would do when frustration was winning its battle. After a period of silence, he said, "Can I eat the dough?"

"You can wait."

"I don't want to wait. The dough is good."

"You'll wait."

"Why should I wait?"

"To show willpower," said Mrs. Finklestein.

"Why show willpower? Who is looking at the willpower? Dough is better than willpower."

"You'll show willpower."

He shook his head and went back to reading the newspaper.

She eyed him from the side to make sure he wasn't looking. She liked the cozy and warm atmosphere the making of apple strudel created. The smoky kitchen, the smoky living room that was essentially the same room as the kitchen as in many Manhattan apartments, Mr. Finklestein reading the paper, she sneaking in her secret ingredient. She crushed the little blue pills while making sure Mr. Finklestein did not see. She poured the crushed pills into the large

Donald Paul West

bowl and mixed it all in together with the other ingredients. Forget willpower, Mr. Finklestein loved apple strudel.

Earth: Father and Son

Wispy clouds hanging in a sky so blue and crisp, it looked like a painting. Acrylic, the father thought. Pretty sure acrylic paints made all the colors more intense. So deep and bright, he had to squint against the light.

“Dad.”

“What?”

“Throw the ball.”

“I can hardly see you little man. The sun in my eyes.”

“C’mon, throw it,” the boy said and pounded his hand into his glove.

He blocked the glare with the edge of his left hand, wound up for a good throw and let it go. Too much force in that one. A high parabolic arc over his son’s head headed for the street.

The boy turned to run for it. On the edge of the father’s vision, a car coming down fast from the winding road that led down from the cul-de-sac up on the hill, moving too fast for this neighborhood filled with young children and dogs. His mind did a quick calculation: the boy, the ball, and the car would meet at the same spot in the street at the same moment.

The father squeezed the words out. “Stop. Stop. A car.”

The words felt like they were coming from someone else, like an echo at a distance, unconnected to and disembodied from the slowing time and events that were playing themselves out as though scripted and unchangeable, all leading to one nightmarish conclusion.

He ran through the thickness, “No. No.” The words echoed against unseen walls.

The ball rolled into the street. The car and his little boy. Had to make it there first but it was too far, too late, and the script had something else in mind.

Then, the inexplicable. A sudden break in the fabric of time and events. The car stopped like it had hit a wall.

Donald Paul West

“You don’t run into the street after a ball. You don’t do that. Forget about the damn ball.” He was surprised he could yell. Felt like it was not him at all. Try to act normal. Try not to show the fear. Had to have control. Act like a father.

“It’s okay Dad.”

“No. It’s not okay. Go back there and wait for me.”

The father went over to the passenger side of the car, leaned over and looked in the window. The fat faced man didn’t look at him. He was looking at something else, something maybe only he could see, staring straight ahead.

The father said, “Good you were able to stop in time. Sorry about that. I’ll make sure he doesn’t do that again. Gotta talk to him. But you want to go a bit slower. Too many kids around here. This neighborhood. Too easy for something to happen. Something bad.”

Go easy on this guy, looks like he came close to having a heart attack. The man’s eyes were wide, unfocused, his face drained. And then the father heard what sounded like spinning wheels, a whirring engine. The man shook his head as if he was coming back, back to this world. He looked down and jammed his foot on the brake. The car seemed to sink, just a bit, as though it had been floating in the air, the wheels squealed to a stop as they hit the pavement. But that was impossible and the mind filtered the impossible. Sweat ran down into the man’s eyes but he sat unmoving and stared at nothing.

The Reverend and the Rill Of Death

Hell's kitchen wasn't as tough a place as it used to be. But he liked it just the same. Liked the name. Liked where he lived. Sharing his digs with Bull wasn't the best but they watched each other's backs and that was enough for now. Bull was all right as far as it went. Didn't talk much. And when he did, sometimes Whitey didn't understand. But that was okay. That was fine. Whitey didn't like to talk much anyway.

Together they could make enough scratch for the rent by pulling a few jobs and by shaking down the locals. Had to be careful to keep the locals scared otherwise they might go to the cops. If they ever did do that, they'd pay the price. And if Whitey and Bull didn't take them out, then the Reverend's friends would. The message to the local storeowners had been clear. In the beginning, a few of them had tested it. They weren't around anymore.

Every now and then one of them would test it again. Like that vermin on Broadway, Korean grocery. Would have to take care of that. Couldn't let it get out of hand. Could hurt business if it got out of hand. Life was easy now and he wanted to keep it that way. Just had to get started right, and get it back on track when it went off. The Reverend helped with that.

He walked up the stoop to the renovated brownstone. Rain was lighter now, just a drizzle, but he was soaked from the earlier downpour, his clothes feeling heavy and uncomfortable. Hit the buzzer, no response. Maybe Bull wasn't there yet. His hand felt around in his rain soaked pocket for the keys.

Sometimes, when he was drunk, he hated walking up the stairs. He'd stumble and fall and drag himself up, one step at a time. Once, he had passed out on the top of the stairway just before he got to the door and had ended up sleeping out there all night. Bull found him in the morning. But he felt pretty good now, and didn't mind running the five flights up the winding staircase, in spite of the heavy wet clothes.

Zygors Don't

The door was unlocked and partly open. He backed away like an animal that sensed a threat. His pants were loose around the calves in order to accommodate the holster. It was harder to work the heavy denim when it was wet. He cursed to himself as he forced the pant leg up and pulled the nine-millimeter semi-automatic out of his ankle holster. He cautiously pushed the door open and swung inside, crouching with his gun drawn.

"Come on in. No need for that," said the Reverend in that heavy, deep drawl.

Whitey put the gun back in its holster, walked over to the Reverend and held out his hand. "Glad to see you Reverend. Didn't expect to."

He was sitting on one side of the couch and Bull was on the other, and when Whitey walked in they both looked at him as if he were an intruder.

He looked stiff, sitting there, the Reverend, with his knees sticking up high and pointed because his legs were so long. He must've topped six foot seven, a long, straight body, lean and strong in its own way. He never smiled but his mouth made a small effort with those tight thin lips in that direction, his skin so pale as though he were a ghost. And his face so scrubbed clean and shaven that it reflected light off the tightly drawn skin. His eyes were piercing and no one could hold his gaze for long.

"Sit down Whitey. Join us," he motioned toward the rickety wooden chair nearby.

"How long you in for Reverend?" Whitey said with a touch of fear that he didn't like to admit even to himself. He dragged the chair, scraping it along the wooden floor, bringing it closer to the couch.

The Reverend said, "I expect to be in New York for about a week. Business you know."

"Glad we got to see you," Whitey said in a low voice. He forced out a rigid smile. He wanted to take off his wet clinging shirt but somehow that would show disrespect for the Reverend and Whitey wasn't going to do that. He didn't want to go through that door.

"And you have good reason to be glad, Whitey," the Reverend said. "I have a present for you. Would you get my case over there by

the door?" He nodded to the beat up leather case leaning on the wall near the entrance.

Whitey knew he had no choice but to get it like a dog fetching a ball. He felt like the Reverend's damn servant. But he held the feeling in and got the case anyway. What were they talking about before he came in? Why hadn't Bull buzzed him in? Reverend probably told Bull to sit still. Bull would do as he was told. All of this so the Reverend could establish who sat on top. He handed the case to the Reverend.

With a strong flick of the wrist, the Reverend unlatched the worn case, pulled out a smaller, hard leather case and handed it to Whitey. He felt a pain in his chest as he looked at the Reverend's grim, stern thin lipped smile for just a hesitating moment. Then he laid the case on the floor and opened it. His eyes lit up when he saw the 45 automatic. He held it in both hands and looked through the sights and aimed it at the door. "This for me?"

"I said it was."

"Man. This is nice. What's the occasion?"

"Don't never ask me why Whitey."

Whitey felt like the dog again. "Thanks Reverend. Nice, but big, not as easy to conceal as my nine-millimeter."

"Of course the nine-millimeter can be easily concealed. It's smaller than your hand. A toy. The 45 can blow the door off a car. The extra magazine will hold thirteen rounds."

"Where did you get it?"

The Reverend's face tightened. "Don't ask me where or why."

"Sorry Reverend," Whitey said as he pretended to shoot toward the door. "Bam, bam." He considered pointing it at the Reverend's head, but then thought better of it. Too dangerous. It was so dangerous that if he ever did that, he'd have to pull the trigger.

Whitey didn't know why, but this just didn't feel right. He was careful not to let on. "I'll have to come up with a way to conceal it. I can use an ankle holster for my nine-millimeter but not for this thing."

"Here," the Reverend pulled a leather, inside-the-waste-band holder from his case and handed it to Whitey.

Zygors Don't

It fit just fine. The gun fit snugly. "I guess if I wear a big, loose shirt, it'll be all right," he said, looking in the mirror. Why was the Reverend giving him this stuff?

"Bull told me you were having a problem with one of the vermin on Broadway. That won't do. You have to take care of it, not let it go too far. Scare the son of a bitch first and if that doesn't work, blow him away. One shot from that 45 should convince them all to stay in line."

"We'll take care of it Reverend." Whitey glanced over at Bull whose face showed nothing.

"Bull told me about what happened tonight," the Reverend said, changing the topic.

Whitey looked over at Bull for some clue. He didn't know whether the Reverend approved or not of what they had done tonight. It wasn't business, there was no mission, and Whitey was just having fun. Reverend might not approve of that. The serious look on the Reverend's long drawn face said fun was not a good reason.

"Yeah, we beat the shit out of some vermin, Reverend." He glanced over at Bull again hoping that nothing else had been said.

"Yes. I know. But how about the other two? What happened with them?"

"Two guys were watching us. It was nothing."

"Can they identify you?"

Whitey hadn't thought of that. He never worried much about being identified. Figured anyone who tried to identify them wouldn't be around for long. Most of these guys were so scared, they didn't want to find Whitey again, were just glad to see him go. Fear was a great shield.

"I don't know, man. Maybe they saw me but I don't think..."

The Reverend rose to his feet and slapped Whitey hard across the face. His thin lips curled in anger. "What do you mean you don't know man? You don't call me man. You show respect. Do you understand?" The Reverend's deep voice bellowed out like a hurricane.

Whitey felt trapped. He wanted to strike out but that wasn't an option. "Yes."

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Reverend, sir.” Whitey felt like shit.

“You don’t let anybody see you and then let them walk away. Do you understand that?” The Reverend’s drawl had disappeared and his words were sharp and crisp.

“Yes,” said Whitey, shaking inside but holding still outside. “Yes sir, I understand.” He knew not to say more. He wanted to kill the Reverend right then and there, but he knew he had to control that feeling and let it pass. If he didn’t, he wouldn’t be alive long. He’d probably have to kill Bull next. But then there would be another and another after him. He couldn’t kill them all. Better to just hold on, keep steady.

The Reverend’s voice softened, “Were they vermin, those two?”

“They were, Reverend. Didn’t look like us. They were vermin.” Whitey knew what the answer had to be.

“I want you to give me a full description of the two of them. Write it down. Height, size, skin color, anything you can think of. Draw a picture. Make sure you get it right.”

Whitey nodded.

“Do you understand?”

“Yes sir.” He added, “One of them was carrying a stuffed rabbit.”

The Reverend narrowed his eyes, “A stuffed rabbit?”

“Yeah. The Rabbit Man.”

“I’ll be in touch,” The Reverend said, towering over Whitey.

He was tall and straight backed with short cropped hair, dressed in a black suit, no tie but shirt buttoned so tight that there was an area around his throat that looked like it was being squeezed, a red rim at the edge of the collar. Suit perfectly pressed, not a wrinkle. Didn’t wear anything over it, no umbrella, but he wasn’t wet. How’d he do that? Didn’t it rain on the Reverend? Looked military. The Reverend was a mystery.

“But you remember who you are and what your purpose is,” the Reverend said in a deep booming voice as he stood over Whitey, looking down, his eyes wide. It was as though there was a controlling beam, piercing, burning from those large steely blue staring pupils that left little room for the whites of his eyes.

Zygors Don't

“We are on a high mission. Activities of the individual must be subservient to and not clash with the group interest, must proceed within the framework of the group and be for the general good of the group. We are but the servants of the noble cause and we are but to follow its purpose. No vermin can stand in our way.

We will destroy them. We will exterminate them. We are the Rill of Death, and though we are but a trickle, we will gather into a river and then a torrent and then a flood. We carry in our veins the poison that will exterminate all the vermin and return the world to its rightful owners.

The Rill of Death will snake its way unseen by our enemies through the valley until the valley has been cleansed. Nothing will stop us and we will always remember what we are and what our purpose is. The group interest before self interest. Do you understand?” The Reverend’s booming voice came to an end with the question.

Whitey was more afraid than he was enraged. It was hard for him to admit that, even to himself. But the Reverend’s short sermon, whatever it meant, had stopped Whitey’s blood cold whether he liked it or not.

“Yes, Reverend, I understand.” He tried to keep his voice from shaking.

Bull started to get up to walk the Reverend to the door, but the Reverend held up his hand to stop him. He repeated, “I’ll be in touch,” he picked up his case and went to the door.

After the Reverend left, Whitey turned to Bull. “What did he want?” He tried to keep his voice from shaking but the anger was swelling inside of him, an explosion ripping through his guts.

“I don’t know,” Bull said without emotion.

“Did he say anything about a meeting?”

“No.”

Whitey needed to calm himself down. He’d ask questions later when he had regained control. There was a chance that Bull could sense the tremble in his voice and that could not be allowed. Never expose weakness. Whitey placed the 45 in the leather case the

Reverend had given him and carried it over to the table, off to the side. He took off his wet shirt and threw it to the floor.

There was a box under the table. He slid it out and removed the gun cleaning tools and laid them out on the table. There was no better way to relax tension than cleaning a gun. He inspected the 45. It had already been cleaned since its last firing but he'd do it again. He liked the matte finish. If you were in a gunfight and your gun had a shiny surface, it was a target. A matte surface didn't reflect and so would draw less attention and less fire.

Bull turned on the TV with the remote. He was retreating into himself.

Whitey stretched out the cleaning pad across the table and laid the gun on top of it and spread out the cleaning rod, brushes and lubricant, cleaning fluid and patches. He removed the empty magazine and checked the chamber to make sure it was empty. He pulled the trigger a few times while aiming the gun at the floor as an extra precaution. As he worked, he began to relax. The rage he had suppressed was gradually leaving. He could let himself think about the Reverend now without boiling over.

The Reverend only came to the city when he had to and usually only to run a meeting. The word would go out that he was around and phone calls would be made spontaneously like the clouds of an explosion, spreading out. The meeting would usually be held at a loft downtown and there would be about a hundred people there. Mostly men, mostly like Whitey and Bull. Whitey wondered why he didn't feel more of a comradery with the other men. Maybe it was because he hated meetings of any kind. But when the Reverend called a meeting, you went. Whitey went. They'd listen to speeches about vermin and how whatever you did to them; it was okay, because you were doing it for the greater good.

Causes didn't carry any weight with Whitey, but when the Reverend spoke, everything carried weight. The men at the meetings respected the Reverend, and feared him too. But they respected him more because of what he gave them. They had been born with bad luck as a companion, like Whitey. Most of them had done time and

Zygors Don't

just figured that was the way it was. But the Reverend had given them a new perspective.

It wasn't that they were losers. Bad luck wasn't just happenstance as the Reverend would say, and it wasn't their fault. The vermin were behind all their problems. The vermin would take everything and there would be nothing left for them. For men like Whitey, only the scraps were left.

He put a few drops of cleaning fluid onto a patch and then attached the wadding to the end of a cleaning rod. He ran it back and forth through the barrel. The wadding stayed clean. The gun had been cleaned well before it had reached Whitey's hands.

"What was he here for?" Whitey said, breaking his silence.

"He didn't tell me," Bull said while flipping channels on the TV with the remote.

"Tell me something," Whitey said.

"What?"

"What the hell does Rill of Death mean?"

Bull turned now and looked at Whitey, his eyes glazed as though in a trance, repeating a memorized script. "A rill is a small stream. It runs unseen, unnoticed as it works its way slowly and carefully along the ground. Whereas a big river would be noticed and maybe damned up, no one notices the little stream. But the stream is poisoned to those who should drink of it. It can't be stopped, just keeps going, it's the Rill of Death."

Sounded like preaching to Whitey. He only understood that they were fighting back now. It was a war. It was a secret war. They were fighting the vermin. It all made sense the way the Reverend told it. In the beginning, the men who went to the meetings had all been separate, struggling alone, alone against the vermin, surrounded and fighting losing battles.

The Reverend had organized them, had defined the enemy. Now they came together, learned that they were united in their sameness, learned that they were all of the same ilk. They had a common group identity and nothing was more important than the group. They had been raped, abused, their rightful place in the world stolen by the vermin. But now they were organized, under the guidance of the

Donald Paul West

Reverend. And anyone outside of that group was the enemy. The vermin.

Aliens live in a Manhattan apartment posing as humans and must decide on humanity's fate. Comedic and serious story threads are woven around each other as the aliens face both alien and human obstacles.

Zygors Don't

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/2587.html?s=pdf>